THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME III
NUMBER 39

NOVEMBER 6, 1930 FIVE CENTS

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GIESEKING AT THE GOLDEN BOUGH

NEXT TUESDAY EVENING
NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

PROGRAM

I

Portita, B flat major, No. 1 ..... J. S. Bach
Prelude, Allemande, Courante, Sarabande
Two Minuets, Gigue
Three Sonatas ..... Dom. Scarlatti

II

Sonata, C minor, Op. 111 ..... Beethoven
Maestoso
Allegro con brio e appassionate
Adagio molto semplice e cantabile

III

Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13 ..... Robt. Schumann

IV

La Cathedrale Englontie ..... Debussy
Poissons d'Or ..... Debussy
Jeux d'Eau ..... Ravel

GIESEKING

Carmel News

COUNCIL MEETING

Discussion of details in connection with paving projects for the business district occupied the greater part of a rambling session of the Council last night.

Supplementing a petition filed recently, the Council received a request to include Sixth Street between San Carlos and Mission in the plans. With this addition the proposed district now embraces Sixth from Mission to Monte Verde and the side streets between Sixth and Ocean. Mr. H. F. Cozzens, county engimeer, was present last night in a private advisory capacity, and was requested by the Council to submit tentative plans for the undertaking. Pending receipt of these, which will require about three weeks for preparation, no further action will be taken.

A possibility that Lincoln Street between Ocean and Seventh might be included in the district was mentioned, but no petition was presented.

Other matters considered included a property owner's complaint against alleged wrongful trimming of trees and shrubbery by the Fire Department clean-up squad; a complaint by an Ocean Avenue business man against youthful capers on Hallowe'en; grant- of permission to the trustees of the Christian Science Church to erect a footpath light at the church premises; granting of thirty days' extension on a commercial garage permit issued to Miss Claribel Haydock; granting of permission to the Park Garage, on Junipero, to instal gasoline storage tanks and pumps inside the garage building; and the proposed purchase of road-making machinery to replace present worn-out equipment.

After consideration of a cost analysis covering legal advertising over an extended period, the Council awarded the contract for the ensuing year to The Carmelite at a price averaging a quarter-cent per unit less than the competing bid.

RED CROSS ROLL CALL

The Carmel chapter of the Red Cross is making preparations for active participation in the annual membership drive of the organization which begins on a national scale Armistice Day.

Enrollments will be received at the post office and at other convenient points in the business district.

THUS ENDETH A MYSTERY

A slightly unofficial communication was delivered to Mayor Herbert Heron during last evening's Council session and was read to the assembled multitude. With it ended a four-day mystery involving the disappearance of a sign from the Seven Arts courtyard, coincident with the departure of "Snap" Nelson on a trip which ended with "Carmel's cowboy-author" a guest of the City of Salinas.

The communication:

Dear Mr. Heron,
Mayor of Carmel.

I wonder if the sign in separate package is that over which so much noise has been made. I found it in the canyon between me and Bechdolt. Which does not mean—please note—that I am accusing Bechdolt.

JAMES HOPPER.

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE

The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom met at the home of the Misses Clara and Ella Kellogg on Sunday evening. The group around the fire had but one regret, namely, that more of our citizens were unable to share their pleasure in hearing Miss Mary Bulkley's most interesting and instructive paper on the formation and general organization of the League of Nations. Miss Bulkley stressed the point, frequently misunderstood, that the League, in intention and in fact, is an interstate organization, not a super-state.

It was a most stimulating introduction to the more detailed study of the separate divisions which is to follow. The next meeting will be devoted to the work so far accomplished by the League and plans for the future as outlined at the recent September meeting in Geneva.

It may be of interest to prospective members that the dues have been reduced from two dollars to one dollar a a year, with the urgent request that those who feel able to further support the peace work do so. H. B.

DRAMA GUILD

To avoid conflicting with the opening date of the Music Society's season the Drama Guild meeting to have been held next Tuesday evening has been cancelled. "Death Takes a Holiday," to have been read at the meeting, will be given two weeks later.

POST OFFICE NOTES

In observance of Armistice Day (next Tuesday) the service windows at Carmel Post Office will be closed with the exception of one hour—from eleven to twelve noon. Incoming mails, however, will be distributed as usual and the regular despatches will be made.

Postmaster W. L. Overstreet announces that a civil service examination for a clerkship in the Carmel office is to be held shortly. Information in regard to the requirements and the character of the examination may be had upon application.

SUNSET P.-T. A.

The Parent-Teachers Association of Sunset School invites all parents, past present and future, and all those interested in education, to a supper meeting at the school on Wednesday evening, November twelfth, at six o'clock. There is to be be a thirty-five cent repast with Spanish spaghetti and appropriate accompaniments, followed by a talk from Superintendent James McKillop of the Monterey Union High School. His topic will be "Sixteen Fallacies about Gifted Children."

Lita Bathen, hostess for the evening, promises many unique features, including excellent music planned by Madeline Curry, and surprising decorations by Dora Hagemeyer.

SCOUT LEADERS TRAINING COURSE

The second of a series of leader training classes was held at the Girl Scout House on Tuesday from two to three o'clock. These classes will continue to be held every Tuesday for a few successive weeks and any who are interested in the Girl Scouts program are invited to come.

* * *

The Scouts entertained a few of their friends on Saturday evening at a Hallowe'en party. Mr. Stewart, of the Carmel Valley, donated pumpkins for the occasion, which made very effective decorations and were afterwards used as prizes.

Mr. Curtis contributed greatly to the success of the party by his gift of candy and Hallowe'en novelties; we would like to thank both Mr. Curtis and Mr. Stewart for their kindness. B. P.

EXHIBIT OF CARMEL ARTISTS

New exhibit of work of local artists, featuring small paintings and etchings is open now from ten to five daily in the Carmel Art Gallery, Court of the Seven Arts. A review of the pictures will appear in the next issue of The Carmelite.

The Savage and the Modern Mind

The following article was written by Charles Robert Aldrich of Carmel, at the special request of The Carmelite. Mr. Aldrich's new book—"Primitive Mind and Modern Civilization"—will be published shortly by Keegan, Paul in London, and by Harcourt, Brace in New York, as one volume of the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method. Dr. Carl G. Jung, with whom Mr. Aldrich was associated in Zurich while writing his work, contributes an introduction from the standpoint of the psychologist, and Bronislaw Malinowski of the University of London, will write the introduction from the anthropologist's point of view. In this article Mr. Aldrich sets forth some of the ideas out of which his book grew and gives a brief glimpse of the relation of the savage mind to the modern mind.

A few years ago I should not have expected a newspaper to interview an author upon a subject such as the psychology of savages. But journalism does move, and probably Greeley would have to revise his views of what is news if he tried to run a paper today.

Perhaps science and philosophy take people out of the dull routine of work and worry and mechanical amusement in somewhat the same way as do music, literature and art. . . .

Dr. Bronislaw Malinowski, who writes the introduction to my book, is one of the few who have tried to make a really scientific investigation of some of the facts of savage psychology. Freud's famous "Totem and Taboo" is a charming piece of imaginative writing, but of no scientific value whatever. Primitive psychology has hitherto been almost unexplored territory.

It seems strange that this should be the case, for the savage mind is in all essentials the same as our own. We differ from the savage, and from the really primitive man who lived before the Ice Age, only in that we have put on an exceedingly thin superficial layer of culture. Like all other animals, we are what the habits of our race has made us; and as the age of machinery has been with us for less than one hundred years, and the modern scientific view may be said to have germinated three hundred years ago, while even sporadic instances of city-dwelling—which is what civilization means—did not occur earlier than five or six thousand years ago, it is obvious that modernity has produced evolutionary changes in either the physical or the psychical constitution of man. It is estimated that our race has been human for from five hundred thousand to one million years. All that the last one to three centuries have accomplished for us is to give us an additional object for our interest, science pure and applied. In other words, the primitive within us is just as alive today as he ever was.

My attention was first drawn to the psychology of the primitive during the years that I studied in Zurich as a pupil of Jung. I started out to reduce the theories of the Zurich School to some sort of comprehensibility in a single volume. Of course this required me to bring myself up to date in the writings of other modern systems—Freud's, Adler's, Behaviorism, and the new German *Gestalt* schools, for instance. In all these writings I found references to primitive psychological characteristics, such as thinking confused with emotion. I made up my mind to write at least one preliminary chapter upon primitive psychology, by way of introduction. But when I looked for the literature of primitive psychology I found there was practically none. All the modern psychologists had a way of popping our cavemen ancestor out for a moment, and popping him instantly out of sight again. No one tried to give a full-length portrait of him. There were refferenes to him in the Freudian literature to his vicious, obscene, bloodthirsty, and totally anti-social character, judgments *in absentia* based upon Freud's delightful fable of the first family That preliminary chapter grew to be the book about to be published. There are some characters that live in the minds of the faithful which it seems really a pity to investigate too closely. Santa Claus and Freud's Terrible Father, who killed or drove out his sons when they began to show interest in the patriarch's harem are colorful figures; and so are the mythical heroic sons, who finally did the old tyrant to death and ever after for countless generations showed their repentance by symbolically eating the old man in the form of a rat or a grub.

But the sad truth is that all the evidence available (and there is a superabundance of it) points in the opposite direction: Our savage and primordial ancestors, whose characteristics persist in ourselves hidden, partly, by modernity, were gentle and timid folk who lived in a socialism or communism more all-embracing than any which has been imagined since. Their standardization was almost absolute, far exceeding that of Soviet Russia or America or any other modern Utopia. It is practically certain that our ancestors have been gregarious at least from the time when they learned to live upon the surface of the ground: all our simian cousins, such as baboons, which live upon the ground, are gregarious, and have to be in order to survive. Man, naked and unarmed, is far inferior in offensive and defensive powers, in speed and agility to avoid danger, to the baboon. In fact, man must have evolved a decidedly advanced capacity for cooperation, for communication with his fellows, before he could leave his home in the trees.

* * *

There are still peoples who exhibit very simple cultures, the native Australians for instance, from which we can learn much of the condition of still more primitive races. A little group, engaged in a constant search for food, knowing nothing of agriculture, armed with nothing more complicated than clubs perhaps, keeping near each other by day for mutual protection, and huddling together at night, without fire or any clothing, the constant prey of the wild-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

THE CORNER CUPBOARD
HAS MOVED

ON SAME SIDE OF STREET
ONE BLOCK HIGHER UP

IN ADDITION TO OUR REGULAR STOCK WE ARE OPENING

"A Lending Library of Better Books"

Letters of James W. Riley, edited by William Lyon Phelps

Those Early Victorians, by Esme Wingfield Stratford.

Realm of Matter, by Santayana.
Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story.
Roadside Meetings, by Hamlin Garland.
—and many other outstanding titles on the calendar of new publications.

The Theatre

"QUALITY STREET"

Reviewed by ORRICK JOHNS

Captain Valentine Brown wraps an amorphous bundle in a cloak and sends home the non-existent Livy, under the noses of the Misses Willoughby. He says to the fatuous young Ensign Blades, "Be off, Applecheeks!" Phoebe Throssel leans upon her sister Susan and declares "I would *gladly* go into a decline if it it weren't for my dear Susan," and as Captain Brown snatches the lace cap from her curls and kisses her, she roundly answers: "Sir, the dictates of my heart enjoin me to accept your too flattering offer." These things are all of the very marrow of comedy. All the same, it is safer to go home after seeing "Quality Street" and read Jane Austen, and after Jane Austen read Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts." Both deal with the contemporary scene with somewhat more of the encaustic of truth. Jane Austen who lived in the times she wrote of—the days of the Boney horror—does not soften the relentless justice of that society, and Hardy's epic drama written a hundred years later, gives the stark portentous background of all Europe.

I do not suggest these an an antidote, for comedy is no poison and needs no antidote, but only to equilibrate the composition of the picture. "Quality Street" is doubly-distilled romanticism. It is the romanticism of Byron and Wellington's young-dog days seen through the romanticism of the Victorian twilight. It must have been written about the time that Clyde Fitch was having Beau Brummel say, "I'd like to be one of those little words that kiss your lips and die," and every high-collared beau was repeating it in a hansom to a leg-o'-mutton sleeve.

Announcement was made by Edward Kuster on Monday that "Quality Street" is to be repeated on Friday and Saturday evenings of this week at Carmel Playhouse.

We may even envy such comedy. It is the cake that we have eaten and therefore cannot have. Good romantic comedy implies tragicomedy; and for its full effect audiences also must believe in the tragedy. We can accept the theatrical illusion of the tragic background, and this, for the theatre, should be enough. But it is not enough. Times have changed incredibly, the illusion fades too swiftly and we are left with a delicious memory that hasn't any substance for us whatever.

When these subtle essences are to be dealt with, we are lucky if we have a Barrie to deal with them, with his perfect taste and impeccable gallantry. And when Barrie is to be dealt with we may tremble unless he is in equally skillful hands. It is customary to say of a producer, with admittedly limited resources to draw upon, that the undertaking of a difficult, mannered, period affair such as "Quality Street," shows very great courage. But I think with Mr. Kuster it is rather a sort of gay confidence, after his accomplishments of the summer, that he and his group can do most anything. And the event has justified the adventure. Some miracle of synthetizing skill held this piece together and carried it over with an air of perfect competence from beginning to end.

It was, of coures, first of all, a personal triumph for two people, for Miss Constance Heron as Phoebe Throssel and Charles McGrath as Valentine Brown. The work of these two lifted the entire piece into loveliness. It is insufficient to say that their double achievement was professional. The world is full of bad professional actors. Both put into their parts, in addition to thoroughly actor-like ability, a great deal of liberated personal force and inventiveness. Phoebe Throssel, purporting to be an ingenue, demands a wide gamut of emotional expression. Miss Heron was never at a loss for the vivacious sense that makes a character live. And in the metamorphoses of the part she really was two different people. The part of Valentine Brown is one of those that require extreme actor intelligence, always carefully concealed. No one could have been more deftly, wisely, awakely ponderous than he, more within the role

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EXHIBITION BY LUCY PIERCE, NOV. 6 TO 20
WATER COLORS AND DRAWINGS

Quality Street

is to be repeated
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FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7th AND 8th
AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS

Admission $1, $1.50—
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Curtain at 8:30

THE CARMELITE: *Printed and published weekly, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.* J. A. COUGHLIN, *Editor and Publisher. Entered Post Office at Carmel, California, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription, two dollars per annum; single copies, five cents. Office of publication, Burnham Building, Dolores Street.*

during his silences as well as his speeches. Marian Todd did a fine character bit in the part of Patty. She is as easy in the comedy of the stage as if she had been born to it. I should like to see Mrs. Todd play Mrs. Malaprop. Marie Gordon in the ungrateful, sentimental part of Susan held up the setting for Phoebe with excellent reality, Gordon Smith's Ensign Blades was a definite note in the scheme, and all the others of the large cast contributed sincere and accountable effects to the whole. The "Advanced Class in Dancing and Deportment," directed by Willette Allen, was just fine, and also those youngsters who only exhibited "all of the elegancies of the mind."

The forestage, for the last time, spread a warm and generous adjacency into the pit. It was with this forestage scene, its touching revelations between Phoebe and Captain Brown, that the drama really began for me. From then on it is pure "theatre," and I relished all the long drawn out involutions that bring the comedy to its close. Carmel need not fear for the distinction of its latest community production.

* * *

FORWARD EVENTS AT CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

By EDWARD KUSTER

In 1924 the first American production of St. John Ervine's "The Ship" was given at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, with Ellen Van Volkenberg in a splendid portrayal of Old Mrs. Thurlow, the eighty-three year old mother of the shipbuilder John Thurlow. It will be interesting to see the Moroni Olsen Company in the same play at the end of this month, with Janet Young as Old Mrs. Thurlow, Moroni Olsen as John Thurlow, and Gordon Nelson as Captain Cornelius.

The readiness with which "Quality Street" found favor in Carmel is not a thing to wonder over—the play as a whole is audience-proof, so to speak. What impressed us who produced and enacted the play, however, was the fact that every blessed one of Barrie's most delicate nuances and quaint twists of speech or situation audibly received its due measure of appreciation, especially from the first-night audience. It may not always be easy to rouse Carmel from its fireside and bring it out to see a play, but once it gets into the theatre it is very much alive, and sensitive down to the finger-tips.

* * *

Toward the end of December we hope to produce at Carmel Playhouse, as the last play of the current subscription season, that brilliant comedy of Robert Sherwood's, "The Queen's Husband." Whether it is as good play, all things considered, as his "Road to Rome" is beside the point. It is admittedly a most excellent play, and the "Road to Rome" would be in quetsionable taste for many local theatre patrons even if it could be adequately cast here.

Can we cast "The Queen's Husband"? I shall attempt an experiment by describing briefly the characters involved. Anyone offering himself on the altar of our local theatre will be accorded a try-out which shall be as confidential as desired. I am quite serious; only those who witnessed the desperate struggle to cast "Quality Street" will appreciate how serious. Here is the list, with descriptions by the author himself:

The Queen—"a beautiful, vivid and extraordinarily imperious lady of about forty-five, born to wear the purple and to carry it with a superb air."

The King—"a shy, diffident, apologetic and extremely pleasant gentleman, who wants to be friendly with everyone."

Princess Anne—"young, beautiful and proud, but completely fed-up with her exalted position."

Phipps—"an elderly and lordly footman, rather stout, of immaculate appearance and perfect poise, and imbued with a tremendous and impressive love for ceremonial display."

Granton—"the King's private secretary, a robust, cheerful young man of twenty-five or thirty, who takes his work with intense seriousness."

The Marquis of Birten—Foreign Minister, "a middle-aged, shrewd and suave diplomat, an accomplished courtier."

Lord Northrup—the Premier, "a dark, dominant, explosive soldier, a brusque man of action."

Petley—another footman, not unlike Phipps, but younger.

Dr. Fellman—leader of the Revolution, "a slight, spare man, bespectacled and decidedly professorial."

Laker—leader of the Anarchist party, "a youngish man, dark, ominous and nervously alert; thin and quite pale, with a threat of intellectual force."

Major Blent—"a youngish officer, every inch the soldier, in command of the palace guard; quiet and forceful."

Prince William of Greck—"a tall, slender young man, graceful and pleasantly mannered, immaculately barbered and excellently groomed."

Two Ladies in Waiting—"comely, obsequious, vapid and ultra-ladylike."

* * *

If I have accomplished nothing else, the above listing will at least stimulate curiosity about the play. As indeed it might, for "The Queen's Husband" is made to order for a Carmel audience.

CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY
FOURTH ANNUAL SEASON
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OPENING OF CARMEL'S LATEST HANDICRAFT MART

The visitor turns into the charming Court of the Seven Arts, mounts a little stairway and suddenly finds himself in a studio with a peaked roof, beautifully supplied with clear Carmel light from skylights and windows. It is the large studio of the Seven Arts. Around it are placed what seem at first to be a few choicely selected pieces of historic furniture. The feeling is one of subdued richness. And you are told that these exquisitely professional looking pieces are really the hand-made product of private persons of the Peninsula who, in their odd moments, create these things of wood, leather, iron, stone and colors. It is, in short, the new Crafts Exchange of Carmel, sponsored by Messrs. Seideneck, Heron and Gillingham.

If the visitor arrives with some prejudgment of indulgence or condecension toward amateurs, it is quickly dispelled. These works are fine enough for the best home. One sees a lovely honey-colored chest of drawers, with deep, vigorous carving and forged iron handles. It is by Mr. E. R. Moffit. In another corner is perhaps the most charming piece of the show, a mahogany secretary, all the surfaces carved, the inside doors quite elaborately with a mediaeval air, the whole finished in a rich brown tone. This is the work of Jose Rios of Monterey, an associate of Mr. Moffit. A carved bench goes with it. Then you turn to a gloriously simple chair, with arching panels at the back, a massive table with drawers, a coffee table, which completes the contribution of Mr. Moffit.

* * *

One of the most striking exhibits catches your eye at once, and you save it for a long look later. It is a long carved freize by Gordon Newell. It is a series of Indian scenes, primitive in feeling, carved boldly in a single board of rough finished mahogany. This was a commissioned piece. Mr. Myron Oliver has a charming telephone table, frankly a period imitation, but with panels carved in the solid wood, not inset. He also exhibits hand-made frames. Another striking piece is the leather over-mantle of peacocks by Catherine Seideneck. This deeply embossed work is called "moulded leather" and the method was learned by Mrs. Seideneck in Germany. The over-mantle was exhibited at the San Francisco exposition in 1915. Augustus Gay contributed a rich screen in colors and a finely lacquered box. The pottery of Anne Grant in original shapes and colors is particularly fine. Mr. John Catlin offers a graceful set of fire-tongs and an interesting bird-bath of carved chalk-rock.

One of the more indigenous developments are the plain, strong, rough-hewn tables and benches finished by George Seideneck. These are in perfect keeping with Carmel houses and will be produced to size on orders. Smaller wares, such as baskets, block-prints and fabrics are to be offered later.

At the opening of the Exchange last Friday evening, a distinguished gathering had a good time. The studio is in charge of Jean Morrison and open from ten to five.

WATER COLORS AND DRAWINGS BY LUCY PIERCE

Beginning Thursday, November sixth, Lucy Pierce is exhibiting water colors and drawings in the Denny-Watrous Gallery. The show will run until the twentieth of the month.

The name of Lucy Pierce is closely associated with the California painters. She has exhibited in the San Francisco Galleries with Maynard Dixon, Ralph Stackpole, Amy Dewing Flemming and John Howard, among others. Her one-man show of last June in the Beaux Arts Gallerie attracted a great deal of attention.

The exhibit in the Denny-Watrous Gallery consists of water colors and "dry brush" drawings.

NAMBU, JAPANESE SOPRANO AT THE GALLERY

On the evening of Sunday, November sixteenth, Takane Nambu, the Japanese singer, will give a concert in the Denny-Watrous Gallery. She will sing a number of Japanese folk-songs and songs of the classical tradition, accompanied by her husband. She will also sing one or two arias, notably the well-known "Un bel di vedremo" from "Madame Butterfly."

Takane Nambu is a member of the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company who has been on tour in the West for the past six weeks. Her voice, with its strange, fascinating Oriental quality, and its loveliness from the Occidental point of view as well, combined with a personality of rare charm, make her program a rare delight. Those who heard her in Monterey a few weeks ago are enthusiastic in their praise.

ERRATA

The poem, "In Redwood Canyon," on page nine of this issue, is an hitherto unpublished tribute to Joaquin Miller by Ida Gertrude Everson. Through an oversight, the author's name was omitted.

On Paper Wings

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

In California are, as far as I know, only three notable towns which have kept to any degree unsmutted an original setting of extraordinary beauty and liveableness. They are. of course, Carmel, Sausalito and LaJolla; each on one of the three great bays of the state.

Of the three towns Carmel has the advantage, naturally, in its lovely beach, its pines, Point Lobos, and in its distance from a big city. Monterey once was beautiful but has been disfigured by the stupidities of military taste, and commercial commonness. Today it smells to heaven and looks like hell—not a Dante hell, but just the little hell made by tanks, railroads, canneries and hot doggeries all over America. It cannot recover soon, as business, for a while anyway, is ugliness, and is in control.

Sausalito is still superb in its outlook from its hills, but its houses are seldom accessory to beauty and its foreground a litter of longtime tracks, shacks, and vacant speculations.

LaJolla's charming cliffs, tiny bathing beach, and waterside park are added to by some good houses and gardens, but LaJolla has an air of tightness, of touristic formality; and suffers from being part of San Diego city and thus within quick reach of a peculiarly debile and dull population.

Carmel alone, it seems to me, has held onto enough simple, natural beauty and manner of living, to continue to attract the exceptional individual, artist or epicure; to be an example of sympathy for talent and artistic struggle, for decent poverty, for a fair appreciation of the man and woman unpossessed of cluttering wealth, but of personality.

* * *

Carmel is not what it was, even a decade ago, in camaraderie, absence of luxury, and detachedness from the world of trade, preciosity and cults. As caustic critics have recently noted in print an occupation of the best house sites by the merely rich has added some glitter and a slight Pebble Beach contamination, odious to the ancients.

But it was inevitable in such a landscape, in such rare scenes of loveliness, with its proximity to a golf Mecca, and by the very disposition of Americans. At least since Elbert Hubbard, the seer of East Aurora, made them culture-conscious, they have time and again driven artists from havens by choking them with admiration and expensive habits. Even here is dispute, for while authors and poets need no primary patrons, their market being hard-fisted publishers, and themselves better for no attachments, painters, sculptors, musicians, singers, dancers, actors and dramatists necessarily exist off well-to-do admirers.

All these artists depend on theatres, galleries, students, and buyers acquainted with their wares and reputations. Lecturers, radicals, pundits, exponents of fairydom, popular scientists, all, too, must perish without audiences and disciples. So while Carmel has as an old resident today one of the great poets of America, and in the past has been dwelt in by many meritorious poets and prose writers, it seems likely that its future will lend itself more to the generally creative and decorative arts than to the solitary dealer in words.

It is evident even in painting that the day of the movable picture, made to be sold to whoseoever will, is passing, and that the graphic arts soon will be part and parcel of architecture and interior adornment. Few present-day homes, the majority of apartments. can hang none but small pictures and while fortunately paintings do still sell, their creators will I think, be forced more and more to work with the erectors of hotels, offices stores and public institutions.

So it may be that the long list of writers who found in Carmel inspiration and economy, is ended, and that the historic character of the settlement has changed. Unless commerce takes Point Lobos, vandals the trees, and small lots the view, painters will always find subjects for pictures; even for murals. Another decade or two, and perhaps Carmel will be a considerable town of costly homes, hotels, apartment houses, peewee or what may be its equivalent, and *de luxe* shops. The accommodating aritsts will make them beautiful. The ironic and irascible writer will hie him to another beginning of Paradise. *Quien sabe?*

IN THE COURT OF THE SEVEN ARTS

THE CARMEL ART GALLERY
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GULCH NOTES

by O. J.

THE ills of what is called education come from the fact that it is offered as a preparation for life and not as a crown of life. We have a plan that will solve all the troubles of society. Marry the youngsters in adolescence, let them raise their children for twenty years, and then go to the university for the rest of their lives. Some clever person can fill in the details; we give the outline.

§ §

WE BOW TO A CONTEMPORARY

THE "hesperian" has come to this desk. It is the first I have seen. It looks clean-cut with its black lower-case titles on sea green, its woodcut of fisherwomen by "ray boynton." The round letter-press without serifs makes the type seem cut in stone. No words are wasted on the reasons and purposes of the magazine. There is just the list of contributors and the plain statement "issued occasionally from 1055 california st., san francisco, calif. copyright 1930 by james d. hart." Nothing could secure a reader more completely than this laconic directness.

The first contributor is Theodore Dreiser. He is astonished at the dull indifference of the mass of American people when cheap, easy and savage judges will ride victims on the rail of prejudice to the gibbet and the iron box. There is vigorous common sense in every line, the kind of common sense which, thoroughgoing and relentless, has almost alone made Dreiser a great writer. He is tired of talking only about Mooney. There is Mooney, yes, certainly, but here is a long list of new ones. "Nine hundred unemployed arrested in California for being out of work." Only one item.

I find myself strongly impresssed by four translations from the sixteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries French poetry in "hesperia." They are by Yvor Winters, and the selection is wise. The French race is in these four poems. Joachim du Bellay seems the most modern. His sonnet on the rebuilding of Rome during the Renaissance, might have been written by an observer in Italy today.

Elsa Gidlow has some remarkably interesting "Twentieth Century Songs." She listens to the voice of steel:

Steel, rhythm of steel harsh courage of steel
Will be in him, and men bred on these
(Let us suppose) will vibrate to steel's beauty
And have small need of trees.

These poems seem the nearest a poet has come to humanizing the inhuman material in lyrics.

Clarkson Crane writes of an unwilling Babbitt, with unfinished art in him, gradually dulled by fitting into the scheme. The sharp details are good, the telling conceals its skill and is far more effective for being wisely sympathetic. It belongs to the inconclusive school of short fiction, which is irritating. Thinking through is necessary also to the short story. But I shall often see Herbert slapping his too long black overcoat with his rolled up newspaper and laughing uneasily. Tchekov strokes. Oscar Lewis writes of Frank Norris' California locale. He explains why Norris could so powerfully evoke his place, how he mastered it, but the article should also develop something of the locale and stand by itself.

We reprint in this issue the sonnet "To Robinson Jeffers," by Henry Ramsey. There are also some exquisite lines on "September Rain," by Charles Erskine Scott Wood. I was especially interested, of course, in the article called "Architectural Revolution," by Emily Joseph. "Houses are, after all, machines in much of their functioning." And she reaches the same conclusion that Hugh Ferriss does in his crystalline statement published in The Carmelite of October twenty-third. She says:

". . . Emotion is not given by a blankly utilitarian building. Although utilitarian structures may be made agreeable, this is not sufficient for producing great architecture, even though it may be revolutionary. When results are purely utilitarian, when they have no emotional overtones, they are only the work of technicians and engineers. . . . Have we any modern buildings whose essential aim is to create beauty? . . . Perhaps not as yet."

We would rather write about such a stunning achievement as the "hesperian" than fill this space with our own notions. I don't know how many people read the "hesperian." Perhaps a few score or hundreds. One could wish that they were hundreds of thousands. The "hesperian" can already take the place, in the West, which was occupied in New York by the late lamented "Dial."

§ §

TASTES IN SOUND

A distinguished American composer once told us that his favorite sound was the song of the barnyard rooster. It thrilled him more than anything in Nature. To this writer the most consoling and beautiful sound is the cawing of crows. Can anyone add to the list?

§ §

This is how it works. Burton Rascoe in "The New Republic" uncovers the parlous state of affairs, reveals the unholy doings of the banks behind the debacle of a year ago, shows the hollow nonsense of administration pronouncements—and this goes to a few thousands. The same night Calvin Coolidge on the radio defends the administration and perpetuates the old hokum. This goes to as many millions. What chance reality?

§ §

ILLITERACY AGAIN

One of Jack London's characters exclaims: "Cursed be the day that I ever looked into a book." And Gordon Craig writes, in his "Life of Henry Irving," now running in the "Theatre Arts Monthly":

"I should like to have gone onto the stage to earn my living at the age of eight, instead of being 'looked after,' and a futile attempt being made to educate me. Being put to work is the way my mother (Ellen Terry) was brought up—and Edmund Kean, and a host of actors, painters, musicians and other good artists, great and small. They learned no Greek and Latin, knew nothing of mathematics, some could barely read and write—and this made all the difference to them—it helped to keep them ignorant of a hundred thousand things, the knowledge of which would have certainly distracted them, and possibly would have prevented the

THE CARMELITE

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA,
CALIFORNIA

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Subscription: Two Dollars Per Annum;
Single copies, all news-stands, five cents.

painters from painting, the musicians from composing their songs. Artists are not to be educated in the same way as are sensible people, and therefore it is a waste of time to attempt to do so."

§ §

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

THE large news-stand sale of the The Carmelite, which we supposed had been due to the summer tourists, continues without appreciable reduction now that the visitors have departed. This means that many Carmel residents depend upon the news-stands to supply them with with The Carmelite. We suggest that they send us a card asking to be placed on the subscription list. In Carmel this means no loss of time, for invariably The Carmelite is in the postoffice boxes within a few minutes of being offered by the news-dealers. It assures your receiving The Carmelite each week instead of chancing a depleted supply, saves you on the cost for the year, and stabilizes the business management of our office.

§ §

WHY GULCH?

We have a standing argument with Frank Sheridan. He comes booming in and says, "Boy, your stuff is pretty good, but my stars, that column heading *Gulch Notes*. Why man, it's all wet, it's awful. To an outsider a gulch is a place," he splutters, "it's a place—a place you dump *ashes* in!" Well ,we guess we'll leave it "gulch notes" anyway. Gulch notes is just the kind of homespun title for the ordinary, commonplace things we are capable of writing. If you ever get "stranded" in a gulch, Frank, you won't find it so bad. And besides, what is a gulch? It's a baby canyon, and a canyon is a grand thing. We might grow up some day.

§ §

YOU REMEMBER IT SOMEHOW—

LOOKING down from the first class brige to the steerage deck. The ship is cutting smoothly through a Mediterranean sea agitated enough to turn its blue into gray. The ship runs toward the setting sun. One woman stands on the deck below. She is tall in a long loose peasant gown. Her hands are folded behind her. Her hair is drawn straight back from her face and knotted. She turns a stony profile, looking out over the sea. A child sits at her feet, sits *on* her closed feet, in *a dress of the same material*. The woman pays no attention to the child. She does not see it or feel it. She looks far off. As the sun sinks the two merge into one form, into one block. Immense dignity, immense symbl.

TO ROBINSON JEFFERS

O seed of rock and wind and tide-flung wrath
(An æon's toil can make one grain of sand),
Foam-seed, you chafe and storm our orbit-path,
But like Asian Forethought, with cosmic hand,
You mold your race, shatter your stone, and find
New bars to chant the frothed seas' prolonged tone!
I say the men are leaves and you the wind,
Above the ground, below the sky, alone!
Foam-seed, you find a spectrum's tale in spheres
Of brine, a space of life within the soil
The earth melts down; so close the tides, your ears
Still hear manures crumble and frictions moil!
Surely no fete of lust sent you to us:
O son of stone, you are autochthonous!

—HENRY RAMSEY
[REPRINTED FROM "HESPERIAN"]

IN REDWOOD CANYON

[HOME OF JOAQUIN MILLER]

Where once the kind Sierran poet spoke
Tall eucalyptus and the gnarled oak
Still grow in rugged strength upon the hill
And with their fragrance all the valley fill.
When sets the glowing sun majestically,
Come blossoming like thoughts of purity,
Small cabin-lights, in doorways, sombre-brown—
Along the graying road that winds to town.
Though in the canyon, there's no sound of sea—
No dashing billows, breaking gloriously—
No sign of ship—no tang of salt air—
Yet, whispering in the valley, everywhere—
Across the breathing silence—strangely clear—
The poet's proud, "Sail on! and on!"* I hear
And beacon-star shines through the trees, as down
The graying road, I wend my way to town.

[NOTE.—*November tenth will mark the eighty-ninth anniversary of the poet Joaquin Miller. The quotation is from his poem "Columbus."*

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THE CARMELITE

Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

When an actor is stranded, and broke, in a large city on the road, it means extensive hustling principally to get transportation back to New York. Once in New York, being without money does not seem so bad, and isn't for a trouper if he has made his headquarters there for a few years. There is generally a rooming house or a boarding house where he is good for a few weeks if he was wise enough to establish credit in the past; and during that time something will show up to get him a little money.

There were plenty of places twenty or thirty years back that would carry the actor with Class A credit completely through the summer if needed. The "Foyer" was a great old standby in those days; it was on Seventh Avenue where the "Pictorial Review" building now stands. It was run by one good soul, a Frenchwoman, Mme. Calliaux and her husband. She would extend credit to us so much that often along in August she would walk into the dining room while we'd be at dinner and say, "I'm seventy-five dollars short on my rent and the butcher says he must have a hundred dollars or I get no more meat." Then she'd call out the names of every one who was shy on paying and tell them how much they would have to dig up in some way before the next night: ten dollars from this one, fifteen from that one, with fives and twenty-fives scattered here and there. The next day we would go out and touch friends for as much as they would stand, but we never failed Madame in a pinch—we dug up the money to save "the old home" even if we had to pawn a part of our wardrobe (as a lot of us did more than once.)

Madame had a plan to room her guests according to ability to pay. The house was a double one; incidentally, it was in its way quite a famous one in the past, as it had been the home and place of business of Josie Mansfield, who had been a well-known figure in the days of Jim Fisk, Jay Gould, and Daniel Drew. In fact, the latter in his "Book of Daniel Drew," claims that she indirectly was the cause of Fisk's downfall and by keeping Fisk from a meeting of the notorious triumvirate helped to bring about a big crash in Wall Street along about the time of the well-known Black Friday period. Josie Mansfield was quite a girl in those days and her establishment was considered to be the last word in residential buildings and much to Mme. Caillaux's profit, had plenty of rooms.

As we failed to pay our weekly tax for board and room, we moved up a story or two until we would finally reach the attic. This contained twelve small cubby holes, courteously called rooms, but we had dubbed the place "The Forecastle." The bunch who were consigned to those quarters had more fun in that attic than any group of flat-broke people ever had in any place; in winter time especially. In summer, being next to the roof, the fun wasn't very evident, for we stayed out of the place as much as we could; we called it "The Glory Hole" then. A great old house was the "Foyer."

There was another place run by two elderly Irish maidens, the Misses Connor, both of whom should have been mothers for they mothered us; scolded us, praised us, did everything a mother would do to her boys except spank us—and we should have had that many a time. But we loved the two old dears and they knew it.

One August I got back from a disastrous summer trip in Maine, arriving by steamer "on my trunk," which means that the steamship company agreed to hold my trunk until I paid the fare from Portland to New York. I had just one five-cent piece to get uptown on and I arrived at the Maison Connor feeling pretty safe and at ease, knowing that I would eat and sleep well until I got an engagement, and as for spending money there would be a lot of the gang rehearsing and some of them I could "touch."

I found the front door wide open and the hallway filled with furniture. In the parlor everything was stacked.

"For heaven's sake what are you doing?" I asked.

"Moving," came the answer.

"Where to?"

"Storage; we're giving up the house."

"But I've had no supper and I've no place to sleep tonight,"—as if it were my own home.

Then those two blessed women got some eggs and bacon on the stove and with a lot of lovely scolding from them about "running away with fly-by-nights," I spent a sweetly sorrowful evening knowing that a real home was lost to me.

The two sisters had made enough to ensure them a comfortable income for life, but for many years "their boys" would see that they had tickets when we played New York.

As I look back to that pre-automobile era and the first ten years of this cen-

tury and compare the quietness and simplicity of life on Broadway up around and above Forty-second street then to what it has been since, it stuns me. Up in Longacre and Times Square we would sit in chairs out on the sidewalk summer evenings and chat and gossip till we felt like cooling off. Even as late as—I think—1907, I lived in a rooming house where now stands Hotel Astor and the following summer in a house where the Paramount Theatre is now located, and even then there was no night life above Forty-second Street.

The Astor Theatre at Forty-fifth and Broadway was built in 1906 and I took an office in it when it opened. I kept that office until after I came to Carmel to live, which was in 1925, and I saw many changes in Longacre in that stretch of years: from a quiet residential section to the jazziest kind of a Coney Island. Gee! I'm glad I'm out of it. That doesn't mean the grouch of old age; it means that I always hated mobs of certain kinds, and that section of New York certainly has a mob of one particular kind that I loathe.

When we'd take our girl on those street-car rides on the hot summer evenings and the funds would be particularly low—when every nickle meant much, like doing without our evening beer—we had a scheme to beat the car company. We would walk down to Thirty-fourth and Broadway, where a man handed out transfers as passengers got off, and wait back on the sidewalk until an uptown and downtown car arrived at the same time. Then we would mix with the passengers and get a transfer as if we were entitled to it. That would take us over to Lexington Avenue on the Thirty-fourth Street line and there we would get another transfer to take us to Harlem. Another transfer at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, then ride over to Columbus Avenue to get the last transfer which carried us down Broadway to our starting point. Now that's what I call cheap transportation: about ten miles for nothing. Ah! those were the good old days, when street car companies would even treat their passengers to a glass of beer at the end of their journey. (*To be continued.*)

MORRIS ANKRUM AS IAGO

A production of "Othello" with Gilmor Brown as the jealous Moor and Morris Ankrum as Iago is scheduled for an early date at Pasadena Playhouse.

"Othello" will be followed by "The Spring Song," a new folk play by Bella Cohen and Samuel Spewack, with Vera Gordon in the leading role.

CITY STREET

The shadow gleans
Obliqueness means
How stomachs of steel
And wooden lungs feel
When buildings kneel.

Their monarchs stand stiff and straight,
knowing no weakness,
Lifting to heaven their stern contempt
for uncongenital meekness.
While on pavements conspicuously
stricken
Viscous humanity comes clumsily to
thicken.

Dreams lift eyes.
They have no bones.
But bones are lies
And glances, stones.

Buildings could be cut from sky
And men be what you measure by,
But each is only as it lives,
And they are feeble negatives.

When dreams congeal
They are plain steel,
And no longer
The only stronger.

Thus buildings write
Themselves out of sight.

—KENDRICK PEARSON.

"WELTVERNICHTUNSIDEE"

Mrs. George Blackman has just returned from the East and she has the following brief but illuminating things to say about "Lysistrata" and "The Green Pastures," the two plays which have attracted most attention in New York this season. "The Green Pastures" came closer to Carmel several months ago through a reading given by Moroni Olsen in the Denny-Watrous Gallery.

Of the interminable words of the German language, "*Weltvernichtunsidee*" is the longest I have experienced.

It means world-destruction.

The poet Heine used it in describing the essential quality of the comedies of Aristophanes.

Today, in New York, two great plays have been running for months, attended often a second and third time by thousands of people.

I saw them, and discovered in them a common character—this *Weltvernichtunsidee*, this world-shattering.

In "Lysistrata," the Aristophanes comedy, two great world forces have been let at each other's throats: man's love for war, and his sex-love, and for the time being the former is conquered. Sex-love is conqueror.

And who will feel, and look deeply, "will wait with calm eyes wide upon the whole of things," this world destruction that is in process of evolution.

"The Green Pastures," beautiful as it is, is world destroying in another way. There one sees in the free movement of the comedy, his most sacred themes subjected to man's fine developed discriminative sense of humor and realizes that the destruction is at hand of a great body of world thought. C. H. B.

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Books

BOOK WEEK

November sixteenth to twenty-second is Book Week which will be celebrated in appropriate fashion in Carmel through the cooperation of teachers, children, librarian, Parent-Teachers Association and those most interested in this national event. The details of this observance will be given next week.

GRACE E. BURTT.

NEW BOOKS AT THE CARMEL LIBRARY

Fiction:
Barnes: Years of Grace
De La Pasture: Women Are Like That
Galsworthy: On Forstye Change
Hendryx: Blood on the Yukon Trail
Hersch: Bird of God (Life of El Greco)
Hichens: The Bracelet
Kennedy: The Fool of the Family
(Sequel to The Constant Nymph)
Mann: A Man and His Dog
Maxwell: To What Green Altars
Mottram: A Rich Man's Daughter
(Sequel to the Spanish Farm triology)
Ostenso: The Waters Under the Earth
Pertwee: Pursuit
Russell: Color of the East
(Collection of South Seas stories)
Sabatini: The King's Minion
Salten: Fifteen Rabbits
Sedgwick: Philippa
Sharp: Rhondodendron Pie
Tarkington: Mirthful Haven
Tempski: Lava
Williams: Great Oaks
Young: Miss Cole
Zweig: Claudia

Mystery:
Fletcher: Behind the Monocle
Footner: The Mystery of the Folded Paper
Hammett: The Dain Curse
Packard: Jimmie Dale and the Blue Envelope Murder

Non-Fiction:
Ashwell's World Routes
Brenner: Idols Behind Altars
Calverton: Anthology of American Negro Literature
Gandhi: Mahatma Gandhi: His Own Story
Gleason: Gleason's Parliamentary Digest for Deliberative Bodies
Hoxie: Portrait of a Chinese Lady
Jones: Taking the Curtain Call
Larson: Larson, Duke of Mongolia
Luccock: Jesus and the American Mind
Ludwig: Three Titans
Powell: Mary Baker Eddy
Russell: The Conquest of Happiness
Walils: Readings in Sociology

Circulation statistics compiled by Miss Hortense Berry for October show an adult circulation of 5,166 as against 3,317 for the corresponding month last year. A particularly noteworthy increase is shown in the children's department, which issued 927 books during the month as compared with 290 in October of last year.

THE ULTRA-VIOLET VIEW OF JEHOVAH

The sacred Book of Genesis is again threatened. Now by a scientific theory of the natural origin of Life on earth.

The natural origin of our relatively insignificant globe, its extreme age and progressive decrepitude, has been demonstrated by astronomers, geologists, archaeloglists, physicists, chemists and mathematicians, conclusively.

Today they are following a plausible clue that may reveal the natural origin of life on earth.

It is known that the heart of our solar system, the sun, has been expending its heat and light energy through countless milleniums of light years and that it is slowly but steadily waning.

That wizard, the mathematician, has figured its comparative power through past ages, and the physicists and chemists are busily experimenting with its ultra-violet rays upon the basis of its virginal virility.

To quote: "It seems certain that ultra-violet light, from a sun far hotter than it is today, played a predominant part in bringing about complicated chemical combinations. We can visualize the stupendous forces, radio-chemical in character, acting upon newly generated chemical groups."

"Just such forces—radioactivity of high degree and powerful ultra-violet rays of the sun—can explain chemical combinations now denied to the power of man. We are forced thereby, not by the weight of evidence as yet, but by the direction of suggestive facts or instances, to the conclusion that protein, and in turn protoplasm, was built up by forces physio-chemical in action.

"It is only a step to the further conception that protoplasm was activated into life by light rays ultra-violet in character and of a power now unknown."

Upon the demonstration of such an origin of life, evolution continues its genealogy to its persent ultimate mankind.

Thus the Hebrew Jehovah is being progressively relieved of the burden of creation, as its efficient cause. G. B.

The Savage and the Modern Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE]

est terrors—such was the existence of primitive mankind. Anything strange or unaccustomed at once frightened these shy folk: the *horror novi* made them tremble before strangers or any unusual object ,and unwilling to leave their own familiar territory. We moderns have emerged from socialism, we no longer punish inventors of new tools or methods; but we still fear new ideas, and penalize nonconformity to our collective representations—which is the technical term for standardized views of Nature, the god or other mystic powers, manners, morals, medicine and law. Conservatism is a primitive characteristic, and so is the belief that there is something inherently sacred in existing customs and laws. The primitive who survives in us, of whom we are unconscious, leads us to believe that our land is the chosen one, that our own people are the only ones we can trust, that foreign ways of life are less moral than our own, and that the Japanese, the Italian, or the Filipino is, in some mysterious way, a danger to our social structure. It is just the irrationality of these fears which makes them potent; for a rational fear can be dissolved by reason.

In all savage groups ,the instinctive, prehistoric *horror novi,* and in fact all sense of danger whether real or superstitious, is one of the strongest forces which makes for the solidarity, and hence the survival, of the group. Nothing promotes social solidarity better than a "mystic" danger—which, in modern analytical psychology, means simply that the fear springs from the subconscious, from racial habits and psychic tendencies built up before reason developed even to its present limited extent. We have a fine example of mystic fear in America in the case of Russia. Russia is the only other great country in the world which is standardized, regimented and ridden by collective representations to as great an extent as the United States: we hate Russia as only those can hate who see in others their own faults of which they are unconscious. Unconscious contents are never perceived directly, but are always projected upon some suitable object as upon a screen In Russia we see our own primitive herd psychology, with its mass-obsessions, its ruthless trampling upon the moral and political freedom of the individual, its savage insistence upon conformity in act and thought.

The solidarity of the group is the chief aim of all savage societies. But is is most ly an unconscious value. That is, the cooperation or symbiosis of the savage with his fellows is purely instinctive and unreasoned. Consequently he gives the most fantastic and obviously absurd explanations of his customs, customs which result in preserving the inner harmony of his group and therefore in enabling the group to present a united front to its envrionment. Take marriage, for example. Countless learned volumes have been written on the origin of marriage, which seems an excessively artificial institution, or even one which must have been imposed by force by some divinity upon our naturally promiscuous race. The desire for unlimited variety and fredom in sexual relations is one of the most characteristic of human longings. As our ancestors at some perhaps prehuman stage relinquished their Eden, and fettered themselves with marriage, the institution doubtless had biological importance, contributed to human survival. It seems to me we need not seek far afield to discover one beneficial result of apportioning that coveted object, womankind, among the adult males of a small weak group: the danger of dissention within the group, of fighting among the warriors upon whom the survival of the group chiefly depended, was lessened by any form of ritual allotment of the dear trouble-makers among the men. The same reason would account for the sequestration of women during the periods when they were most tempted to transgress the restrictions imposed upon them by tribal custom. Invariably as societies in historic periods have grown more powerful and secure, the tendency has been to relax the stringency of sexual taboos. When the reason for a rule of law disappears, the rule also goes—which is a free translation of the ancient Roman legal maxim.

The literature of anthropology is full of strange customs, many of which such great authorities as Sir James Frazer have pronounced wholly superstitious, and incapable of rational explanation. But when studied with what is now known as analytical psychology in mind it is clear that however irrational their origin was, they have excellent effects in practice: they enable the group to survive. Thus victorious warriors, returnhome after a successful expedition are taboo. That is, they are not permitted to re-enter their ordinary occupations, or to take the places they had before in the life of the group, for some time. Our veterans of the latest war most certainly would not doubt that this primitive tendency survives in modern America today. The warrior is in an infectious psychic state after killing and facing death himself: he is likely to upset the workaday tranquility of the group. Mourners are taboo, as are all the unfortunate: they also infect others with their own dispirited condition. A savage who has suffered a misfortune, such as falling into the water, may not be helped: he is just as popular as a known Jonah in Wall Street.

It is certain that primitive man never enjoyed that individual freedom which has been the theme of Rousseau and other romancers. His instinct to cooperate with his fellows was *primus inter pares,* easily subordinating his sexual instinct, his will-to-power, his desire for food, and his fears. This instinctive cooperation, like all cases of symbiosis, is a true morality of purely natural origin, a biomorality tending to secure the survival of the group and of the individual. Someday our books on ethics will have to be rewritten, without appealing either to supernatural sanctions or to metaphysics, on the basis of the biomorality so evident in the findings of biology, anthropology, and analytical psychology. All these sciences confirm each other. For instance, in analysing the psychic state of a neurotic individual, we practically always find him isolated from others. He has imposed a taboo upon himself which prevents his having his own little niche in the affairs of his community, from devoting to the social instinct the libido which the immemorial habit of the race has earmarked for such spending. It is obvious that no one, in the flicker of a single lifetime, can safely depart very far from racial habits of tremendous antiquity. None of the instincts can be denied its normal outlet without some abnormal outlet being opened up in consequence. The result of denying an instinct expression is always a perversion, crippling, or psychic mutilation. If this is true of such minor urges as sexuality and the will-to-power, it is, *a fortiori,* true of that instinct which naturally subordinates all the others to itself in man, the instinct of cooperation, of bearing one another's burdens.

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

NOVEMBER 6, 1930

NUMBER 34

JOE SCHOENINGER EDITOR

DON'T CUSS—IT'S ONLY US

Or if you get what I mean, don't be sore at your property being damaged. We went out again this Halloween and raised Cain and Abel. The results were awful for some people. The school was done quite thoroughly and so were the windows up town. In short we did the town over pretty good this time. After I got through with my meanderings, the family started up to get me. I had warned them that I would try my best to escape the ever-seeing and always watchful Police force. (However, I didn't see, hear or smell a single cop all night long.) They picked me up and we started home. We went down Scenic Avenue and almost doubled up on one of our fenders on a huge table across the road. I helpfully put it to one side and then bang it down in the same place as before when our wreck was past. Then we had to play Miniature Golf around a maze of gates, milk boxes etc. When we got through with that we decided it was so interesting that we went up and down all the other streets too. But I think that Scenic must be the place where we put our stuff after we got through taking it from up town. Our gang had carefully taken a sign that read "Help yourself to the shingles." (the people had re-shingled their house) The gang carefully put it on Murphy's Lumber Yard!

Despite the fact that it was moon-lite we had a good time.

(The editor of The Carmelite offers two suggestions to keep us kids out of mischief on Halloween:

Let the city give us a big rip roaring party with all the trimmings (so they will have us all in one place, and one Gus will be enough) or,

Make us all special deputies for one night only.

THE RED CROSS

We shouldn't give with the idea of getting something back.

If we see a poor man going along the street and give him twenty-five dollars and hope that some day he will give you sixty-five dollars back, that is not right. The way to do is not to think about anything but just plain GIVE.

It lightens up the poor man's heart to give him just even one cent. The person who gives feels better than when he just walks right along with his nose in the air.

The Red Cross is a wonderful company because without it the poor man couldn't get along. In the war times it helps the poor soldiers that get badly injured. In the last war the soldiers wouldn't have got such good food if it wasn't for the Red Cross.

So I think the Red Cross is a wonderful company and it would be nice if we could keep it going for a long time.

Max Hagemeyer.

THE COMING DRAMA

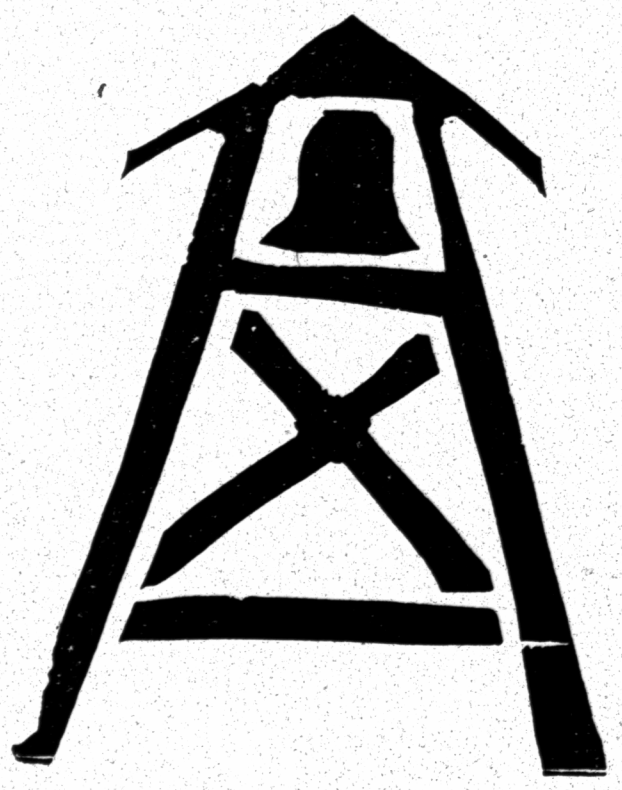
On Friday, Nov. the Seventh, the 8th Grade of Sunset School has full charge of the assembly. We will sing two songs and give a fifteen minute play. Friday is so near Armistice Day that we have a play stressing peace on earth and the songs are also favoring peace. The play is a very comical, clever production, giving the result of how this country would be if all the foreign things were shipped back to their original country. All of the parents are invited to attend it.

Bernard Schulte.

SUNSET SCRIBE

The Sunset Glow, the Carmelite's famed competitor, has arrived in its first issue. It is mimeographed and is a good job.

The cartoon on the cover is especially well done. I advise you "Carmelites" to get in touch with the Sunset School authorities and subscribe, as it is only thirty cents for the year. Even writers and poets can afford that!



Miscellaneous Mishaps

COLLECTED BY DANNY LOCKWOOD.

Joe S.: Say, something's eating this pen.

Clifford LeNeve: Yeh, you have.

*****

First Class: Why did George Washington cross the Potomac River?

Recrute: To get that dollar he threw across.

*****

Clifford Le Neve: The Hudson River is just below Long Island.

Miss Gridley: How far has it gone, and when it will be back?

* * *

Miss Gridley: Where is Cape Cod?

Gordon D.: In Matachutats.

Miss Gridely: That is not the way you pronounce. It is Matachtats, I mean—

Gordon D.: Oh, I see, it's Matatchutats.

* * *

The 8th grade had elected the editors for the class paper and David H. had the humer section. He was giving his Speech.

" . . . and I will try my best to put in things that will make you laugh . ."

Bub F.: Put in a picture of your face.

Churches

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Adam and Fallen Man" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon next Sunday in all Churches of Christ, Scientist. The citations which comprise the Lesson Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "How long wilt thou sleep, O slugard? When will thou arise out of that sleep? Yet a litle sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to slep: So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." (Prov. 6:9-11).

ALL SAINTS CHURCH

Miss Avis E. Harvey, of St. Margaret's Training School, Berkeley, is giving a course of instruction on "The Principles of Teaching in Church Schools" at All Saints. The meetings are held every evening from seven to nine o'clock, and will continue until Monday of next week. A cordial invitation is extended to all persons interested in the subject of religious education.

Miss Harvey will speak at the eleven o'clock service on Sunday morning.

Rev. Kenneth Viall, of the Society of St. John the Evangelist San Francisco, will meet with a group of young people and any others who care to come, on Sunday evening at half past seven.

COMMUNITY CHURCH MUSICALE

Another profitable evening of music is scheduled to be given at the Carmel Community Church on Sunday evening next. Begining promptly at seven forty-five, delightful though serious episodes from the music-dramas of Parsifal, Lohengrin, Tannhauser and Tristan will be described by the Rev. T. Harold Grimshaw and illustrated with recordings. Among these illustrations will be the "Grail Motif" from Lohengrin, played by Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Also the Parsifal episode, where Parsifal with mind awakened to his holy mission wonders at the exceeding beauty of the flowers; and the famous Processional of the Knights to the Temple of the Grail. A new orchestral recording of the Pilgrim's Chorus will be contrasted with the lovely Venusberg music. King Marke's lament over the body of Tristan will afford not only a tale but a striking bass solo. Then the tremendous symphonic epilogue from that tumultuous saga of the Norselands, "Gotterdammerung." This tone picture portrays the fall of the empire of the gods ,the burning of Valhalla and the enthronement of that love which suffers to redeem.

Several local artists will also participate. Mrs. Dorothea Bain will recite from "The Vision of Sir Launfal." Mr. V. M. Bain, the popular baritone, will sing a group of songs. Mrs. Harber will play the violin. A specially generous silver offering is desired. T. H. G.

FEDERATED MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Mr. Suh, a native of Korea and for some years a worker in the leper colony of Taiku, Korea, and an X-ray expert, will be the guest of the Missionary Society at its meeting at two-thirty Wednesday, November twelfth, in the Presbyterian Chapel, Dolores and Eighth. The society has given a great number of knited scarfs, wristers and caps to this leper colony. Mr. Suh's talk will be interpreted by Mrs. Spencer Hoyt of Monterey. Mrs. Holmes and friends of Monterey will sing some spirituals. Another features ofthe program will be reports of the benevolences of the different groups of the society. The public is invited.

Annual

Roll Call

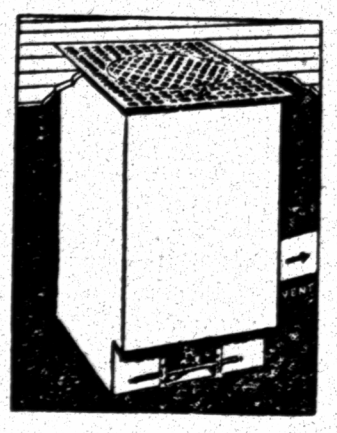
Beginning Armistice Day

No fires to bother with during cold days

Mother will have no bother or trouble in keeping the house warm and cozy while father is away—provided, there's gas heating equipment installed in your home.

There is no labor to cause aching muscles. Simply turn a handy valve or touch the Thermostat and clean heat starts warming the house. Turn off the heater and there is neither dirt, soot, ashes nor diminishing fuel supply to bother about.

The Floor Furnace



Floor Furnace

The Floor Furnace is especially designed for homes having no basement.

It will heat two or three rooms comfortably, during the coldest weather. This gas-fired appliance draws cold air off the floor, warms it and circulates it all about the rooms. You simply turn a handy valve to start the furnace—and in a few minutes, clean warmth is yours.

The warm air does not come in contact with the burning gas. All products of combustion are vented outside.

You may have a Floor Furnace completely installed now for $10.00 down and only $7.50 per month.

The Circulating Room Heater

The Circulating Room Heater is a graceful cabinet, harmonizing with the most tasteful furnishings.

As no basement is necessary, it is particularly adapted to heating small homes, stores, or offices.

Like the floor furnace, this circulating heater gives clean, convenient heat. It is ideal for heating and circulating healthful warm air in from 2 to 4 rooms. Furthermore, all products of combustion are vented outdoors.

Attractive in design. Economical to operate. Completely installed for only $5.00 down and $7.50 a month.

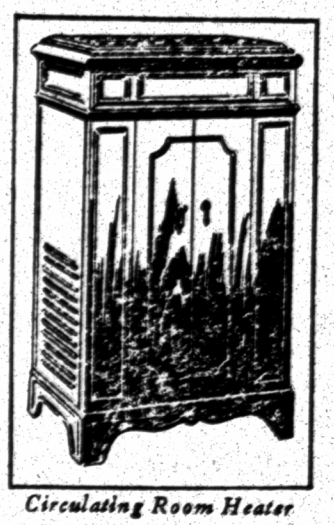
The Humphrey Radiantfire

Now you can do away with all the discomforts of the old-fashioned fireplace, with its wasteful heating, dirt and ashes, and all attendant labor.

The secret? Modernize your fireplace and change it into cheerful, care-free heating by installing a Humphrey Radiantfire. Besides offering such a modern convenience, the Radiantfire preserves all the romance of an open fireplace.

These heaters may be had in designs and colors to conform with any decorative scheme. Light a Radiantfire — see how quickly you are completely surrounded with radiant warmth.

We will install one of these economical heaters now for only $5.00 down.



Circulating Room Heater

We have warm-air furnaces suitable for heating homes having basements.

You can see the above heaters and also warm-air furnaces at your dealer's store or call at our office.

Radiantfire

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

P·G·and·E·

Owned · Operated · Managed by Californians